Club Sandwich

WINTER 1992 No 64

COMING YOUR WAY IN '93

in this edition...

THE MACCA TOP 40
LINDA REMEMBERS
MEET JULIAN MENDELSOHN
LIPA LATEST
RECORD-BREAKING FOOD
SONGS TREASURY
ABSOLUTE TOSH

...and much more

PHOTOGRAPH: BILL BERNSTEIN

SUE'S LETTER

This holiday issue positively sparkles with its usual mixture of news and features, some dealing with events occurring since our last issue, others anticipating what is clearly going to be an especially eventful year for Paul and the band in 1993. COMING YOUR WAY IN '93, opposite, gives a few hints about some of those activities, including the upcoming world tour. Those readers who are members of the Fun Club can rest assured that when we have definite information about this it will be passed along.

The release of Paul's new album, *Off The Ground*, will receive our usual thorough treatment in the Spring issue. In the meantime, you can read something about it in A JULE OF AN ALBUM, in which we meet and greet its co-producer Julian Mendelsohn.

We throw the spotlight onto Robbie McIntosh, who is profiled by Geoff Baker in A LOT OF "TOSH", and we catch up with the latest news about two blossoming MPL projects - Linda's vegetarian food, and the LIPA school - in THEY ALSO HAPPENED IN '92. We're also happy to present an exclusive interview with Linda about her beginnings as a photographer (A SNAP DECISION), which provides some interesting background to her best-selling *Sixties* book. A BBC TV *Arena* documentary about Linda's photography has now been completed and will be shown in the UK on Boxing Day.

After spending so long in the studio, Paul and the band are rapidly increasing their public profile via a number of interesting events. First of all 200 lucky Fun Clubbers were able to win tickets for a video-taping by Carlton TV at the Mean Fiddler club in London on 20 November. (It'll be screened in Britain an hour into 1993, at 1.00am on New Year's Day.)

The early days of December then saw the band out and about in the USA. They shot a video, Linda's photographic exhibition opened at the Fahey-Klein Gallery in Beverly Hills on 3 December, Linda appeared on Arsenio Hall's late-night TV chat show and the band performed for a second time on MTV's *Unplugged*, this time in New York.

We're very proud of the fact that *Daumier's Law*, the MPL animated film directed by Geoff Dunbar and detailed for you in our summer 1992 issue, captured the top prize - the Espiga De Oro (The Golden Spike) - in the short-film category at the Northern Spain Film Festival on 31 October. Look out for *Daumier's Law* in 1993 when it will be seen in UK cinemas supporting Woody Allen's feature *Shadows And Fog*.

And we're delighted, too, to applaud our very own Wix who, together with the aforementioned Julian Mendelsohn, co-produced the recent UK number one hit single 'Sleeping Satellite' by Tasmin Archer, her début release. Wix told us in *CS59* that he was branching out into production, and he's certainly begun with a winner!

Our seasonal spirit reaches back through the years in this issue for MINING THE FILM AND VIDEO ARCHIVE, in which we look at the making of the 'Wonderful Christmastime' promo. There's certainly no cause for indecision this year about suitable presents for loved ones: you could choose from Linda's *Sixties* book, its associated 1993 calendar, or perhaps plump for Stan Eales' timely book of environmental cartoons, as featured in AND IN THE GREEN CORNER. It only remains for me to say that Paul, Linda and all of us here at the *Sandwich* send season's greetings to all readers of this historic issue. Have you noticed? Now we're 64!

'til next time

Sue

PHOTOGRAPH: TERRY McGOUGH

COMING YOUR WAY IN '93

Even his quiet years turn out busy, but with a new album, world tour, singles, videos and TV specials all booked for 1993, Paul McCartney is presently on the cusp of some serious hurly-burly. Indulging in a Q&A with Mark Lewisohn exclusively for the readers of *Club Sandwich*, Richard Ogden, Paul's manager, reveals a smidgin of what's in store

PHOTOGRAPH BY BILL BERNSTEIN

CS: In a nutshell, what do you expect readers to already know by now about Paul's plans for '93?

RO: That there's going to be a new album, *Off The Ground*, and a new single, 'Hope Of Deliverance'. And there are rumours of a 1993 World Tour!

CS: Let's look at the single first - when will it be out?

RO: The official release date in the UK is 29 December. In the USA it will be 6 January. There will be a seven-inch vinyl version, a cassette single and a four-track CD, three tracks of which will not be included on the album and all of which will be new songs recorded this year. Paul recognised the concerns voiced by some people about him putting out one new track along with something re-released or re-packaged, and he believes in giving value to the fans. For this reason, he and the band went in and recorded more than 20 songs over the past year. There's only going to 13 on the album so there's plenty left over to put onto three CD EPs.

On the first CD EP there will be 'Hope Of Deliverance', 'Big Boys Bickering' - which is going to cause a bit of a sensation when people hear it, although I won't say why - 'Long Leather Coat', which is a song to some extent about people who wear animal skins, and a very lovely ballad called 'Kicked Around No More'.

CS: What can you reveal about the album, *Off The Ground*?

RO: That it is brilliant and will be released worldwide on 1 February. That Aubrey Powell has been working with Paul on doing all the designs. That it's very much a band album and has two songs co-written with Elvis Costello.

CS: Has Paul shot any promo videos yet?

RO: Yes. A video for title track 'Off The Ground' was shot recently in San Francisco and was directed by Matthew Robbins. He's probably most famous for directing *Dragonslayer*. He works closely with Industrial Light & Magic, George Lucas's company; Paul had a chat with George Lucas and he recommended Matthew. Another of the videos will be directed by Kevin Godley.

CS: Can you elaborate on those "rumours" of a 1993 World Tour?

RO: The general idea, this time around, is that we should be touring America when the album is newly released. And as we didn't tour Australia and New Zealand last time it seemed logical to go there as well. The whole point of the 1993 world tour - and it is simply going to called the Paul McCartney New World Tour - is to go to places, essentially, that we didn't go before. So we're not planning to go to Japan but we are planning to go to Australia and New Zealand.

CS: What about Europe?

RO: The tour will probably play Europe in the summer. And, again, we're going to concentrate on playing places that we didn't get to in 1989/90.

CS: Will the tour visit the UK?

RO: We'll do something in the UK but I don't yet know what.

CS: So approximately how many concerts, in all, are planned?

RO: Around fifty.

CS: The free programme/book idea went down very well last time. Will there be another one?

RO: Yes, we're hoping to have a free book again; we'd have to print two million copies! It will be more orientated towards environmental issues this time, although there'll still be plenty about Paul and Linda, and about the band because it's now four years since they came together.

CS: Will LIPA benefit in any way from the tour?

RO: Yes, LIPA is considering a special scheme whereby it will sell companies special opportunities for corporate hospitality.

CS: What about tour sponsorship?

RO: Paul has never wanted to advertise products in exchange for money, even though he could raise huge sums by appearing in television commercials. On the other hand, putting on an enterprise of this magnitude is such that it's nice to remove the risk of making a loss. Bringing in Visa last time served two purposes: it advertised the tour and underwrote our enormous transportation costs. We felt that it worked quite well and are again exploring ideas of that nature. But we're not going to be selling Pepsi-Cola, it'll be something closely associated with what we do - perhaps a transport company or a vehicle manufacturer or a freight company or an airline or a credit card company, someone with whom a relationship between the product and the tour is more clear, and where the emphasis on advertising is not to sell a soft drink but to see a tour.

CS: What commercial output do you expect to follow the tour?

RO: There won't be a film this time because we'll be doing some television in each territory that we play. Whether there'll one day be a video release of these TV shows I don't yet know, nor do I yet know if there'll also be a live album.

A JULE OF AN ALBUM

Paul handpicked Julian Mendelsohn as his control room collaborator for *Off The Ground*. Mark Lewisohn, he of the similar surname, went to ask Julian about the experience

An Australian who's lived in England for 20 years, Julian Mendelsohn's CV reads like a Who's Who of recent rock. In addition to being closely associated with the Pet Shop Boys, Julian has produced or mixed Aztec Camera, Level 42, INXS, Frankie Goes To Hollywood, Peter Gabriel, Marc Almond, Simple Minds, Talk Talk and dozens of others, and worked with an especially impressive array of female solo singers: Liza Minnelli, Dusty Springfield, Kate Bush and, most recently, Tasmin Archer, a fine new talent whose début album *Great Expectations* he co-produced with none other than our very own Paul 'Wix' Wickens.

And now that CV can be crowned with the name of Paul McCartney.

It was at Wix's suggestion that Julian came to co-produce Paul's album, although scrutineers of record labels will know that he also remixed 'It's Not True' for the *Press To Play* CD and 'Tough On A Tightrope' for a twelve-inch single, both back in 1986. Speaking to *Club Sandwich* from his Oxfordshire home, Julian was more than delighted to enthuse about *Off The Ground*, a record of which he, like everyone else within and around MPL, is justifiably proud.

Ironically, though, despite being genuinely thrilled at having worked with Paul, Julian was almost hoping that he wouldn't be invited on board. "When it started to look as though I was up for the job I was absolutely desperate for a holiday," he candidly admits. "I'd been working like a dog for a year and a half and felt that I needed to have a couple of months off. So when I went to meet Paul I wasn't incredibly fussed about it. Naturally I would have been disappointed if he *hadn't* then asked me to co-produce, but if that was so I would have thought 'Oh well, I'll have a holiday then'. In fact, that attitude probably helped me to get the job, because I didn't come on too strong."

Work on the album began in the last week of November 1991, with two weeks of rehearsal which - as one might expect from such a creative bunch - was immediately fruitful. "Two songs on the album, 'Peace In The Neighbourhood' and 'Biker Like An Icon', were actually recorded during rehearsals," enthuses Julian. "Bob Kraushaar, my engineer, and I set up some mikes, to get the feel of the room and to enable the band to hear how it was going. Then, around early February, when we came to record those two songs properly, we listened to the rehearsal tapes and they were so fantastic that we didn't have to bother! I think we may have re-done one part of 'Peace In The Neighbourhood' but 'Biker Like An Icon' appears on the album exactly as it was recorded, within an hour, at rehearsal. It's my favourite track on the album, too, a real rocker. Fantastic."

Recording in earnest began at the beginning of December, and then followed a similar pattern throughout the next few months: Monday to Fridays, noon until eight. *Off The Ground* is very much a "band" album, recorded by the six-strong core of Paul, Linda, Hamish, Wix, Robbie and Blair. And, what's more, in this age of digital tapes and laborious piecemeal recording, it was largely recorded in the good old-fashioned analogue *real* way. "We always tried to record the band live," Julian confirms, "so that everybody would be on their instrument at the same time and Paul would be singing live. The aim was to get a complete performance for each song and very rarely replace anything. Normally these days you'd get a band to do a backing track, keep the drums and replace everything else bit by bit, but we tried to do the whole thing in one go. There are quite a few completely live vocals on the album."

You might by now be wondering why, with this more instant style of recording preferred, the sessions took more than a few weeks to complete, give or take the odd holiday break here and there. Certainly, co-producing with Paul, Julian found himself wondering, by April, just what there was left to do in the remaining months, given that an album's worth of songs had already been completed. The answer lies in the fact that 23 songs were recorded, ten more than on the album. As Paul's manager Richard Ogden states elsewhere in this issue, Paul plans to release several non-album tracks next year on CD EPs. "When the album was more or less finished Paul conducted a poll and the most popular choices out of the 23 went onto the album," Julian says. "I didn't vote because I was busy remixing a track, but Paul worked it all out, based on people's marks out of ten for each song."

Born in Melbourne in 1954, Julian Mendelsohn grew up harbouring a desire to work in the world of recorded sound, although he was unable to achieve his objective at home because, when 17, he left Down Under with his family to live Up Over, in England. "A schoolmate and I used to hang around Bill Armstrong Studios in Melbourne quite a bit," he recalls. "We both became interested in recording at the same time and built our first little studio together. We were only 13 then, and were very thrilled when we had a double-glazed window put in for the control room, even though there were loads of holes everywhere else! I played classical violin at school, and I used to play violin-shaped bass guitar, like someone else I could mention. Unlike his, though, mine wasn't a Hofner: my mother had it made for me! It was the only way I could get her to let me play guitar, because it

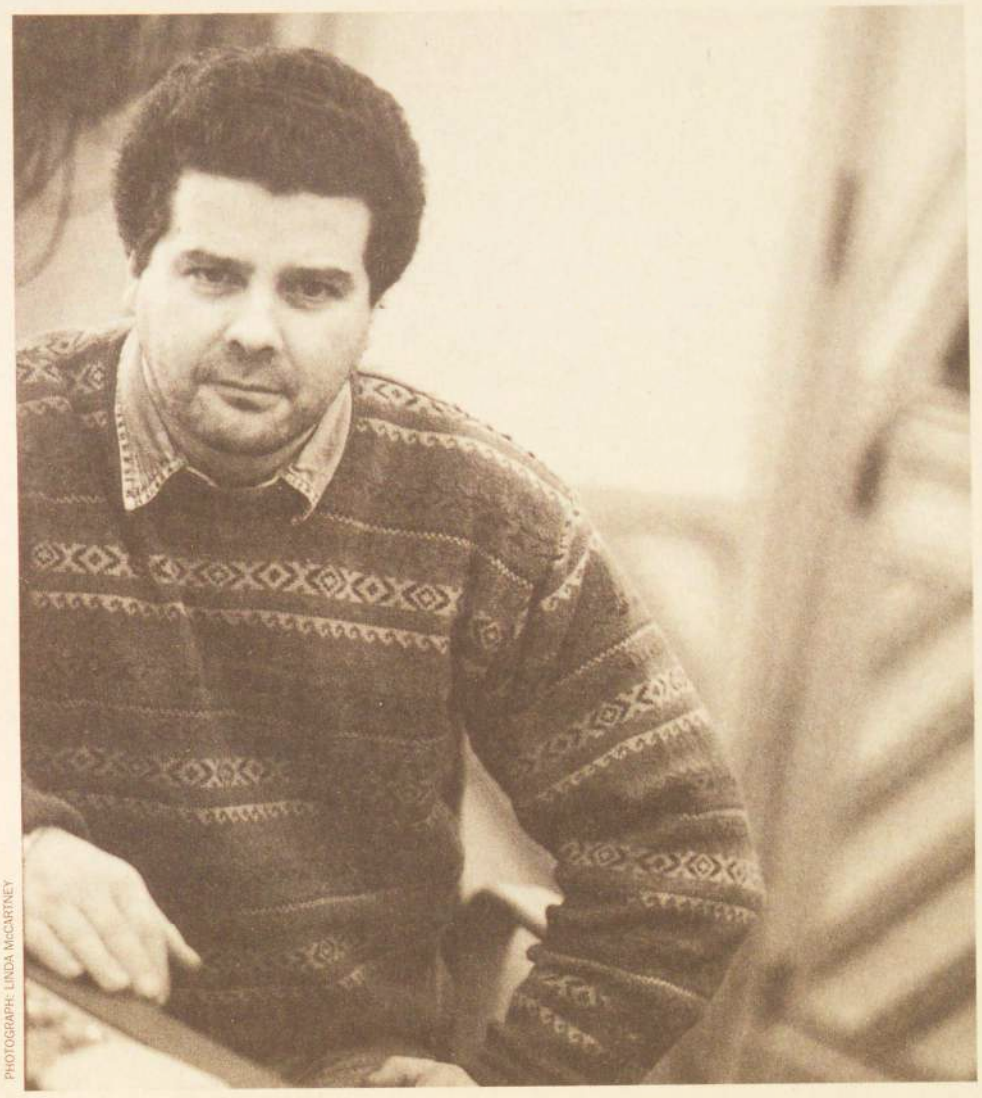
PHOTOGRAPH: TERRY McGOUGH

was shaped like a violin!"

One can deduce from this that Julian Mendelsohn, in good company with millions of other Aussies, was an original Beatles fan, although being only ten at the time he missed seeing them when they played in Melbourne in 1964. But he has one specific memory of their visit nonetheless. "A friend of my mother's who owned one of the posh restaurants in the city was very proud of herself because she managed to get hold of some used Beatles sheets off the beds at the Southern Cross Hotel and auctioned them off. That's what I remember most about their trip to Melbourne: the sheets being auctioned!"

Julian arrived in England in 1972, determined to get a job in the music industry, despite a distinct downturn in business that was closing down once-thriving studios with alarming speed. His initial efforts thwarted, the aspiring engineer instead eked out a living by cutting turf and driving a baker's van. But his patience was eventually rewarded first with a job for an audio-visual presentations company, and then at a tiny demo studio in the Chelsea area of London, his first duty as apprentice engineer being to record a Linda Lewis rehearsal session. From there he moved to Sarm East studio in the East End, jumping to 48-track and working on hits like 'Pass The Dutchie' by Musical Youth and 'Relax' by Frankie Goes To Hollywood, all the while studying the production methods of mentors like Peter Collins and Trevor Horn. Upon graduating to producer himself, Julian scored his first hit with the Pet Shop Boys' single 'Suburbia'.

One of the principal aims in making *Off The Ground* a "band" album - Paul's first since *Back To The Egg* in 1979 - was to make it a record suitable for taking out on the road. "And we achieved that aim," declares Julian. "All of the songs can be played on stage. Some were completed on less than 24 tracks of tape, others used two machines and probably 30-40 tracks, but the band has already proven very good at playing them on just six instruments.



PHOTOGRAPH: LINDA McCARTNEY

"The really great thing about this album is that it all sounds like the same record, even though every track is completely different.

"The band was augmented by some outside musicians, though. George Martin did a big string arrangement for 'C'mon People', Carl Davis 'arranged' one sustained string note and oboe/flute on a track, and brass on another, 'Mistress And Maid', and we also had some Latin percussionists come in for 'Hope Of Deliverance'. It's a beauty, that song. None of us could really play Latin percussion so we got some young kids in to play it for us. At first we thought it was a bit rough at the edges but actually it's nice for that little roughness. I tried to keep a little bit of rough edge on the album anyway, and not have everything absolutely pristine perfect, because I think Paul's work sounds better when, in the nicest sense, it's got a bit of 'untogetherness' about it."

Despite putting on a stone in weight while working on the album (it's scarcely possible to walk around Paul's studio building without going past the kitchen), it was an experience thoroughly enjoyed by Julian Mendelsohn. "Most of the time it was fantastic. I always try to keep a good atmosphere in the studio anyway, that's just the way I work, on the proviso that if you've got to do something then you have to get down to it. And co-producing with Paul was a very democratic process: I wouldn't make a decision without him, and he wouldn't make a decision without me, and we rarely disagreed over anything."

If, as is rumoured, Paul's world tour visits Australia in March, Julian will be there, getting back to where he once belonged. But, as he explains, he'll be going there anyway. "Whenever I've had a number one record I've been in Australia," he remarks. "It's very bizarre. It happened with 'Pass The Dutchie' and again with 'Relax', both of which I mixed. At one point when I was in Australia I had the top three UK singles. So I'm certainly going to be in Australia when Paul's single is out!"

If this makes you think that Julian Mendelsohn, co-producer of Paul's *Off The Ground*, is a mite superstitious, how's this for a bizarre coincidence. Last year Paul unveiled his *Liverpool Oratorio*. Once upon a long ago, in 1836, another oratorio called - ironically - *St Paul* was composed by a certain Mr Mendelssohn.

Now that's what one might call cosmically conscious!

PHOTOGRAPH: LINDA McCARTNEY

A LOT OF "TOSH"

Quips and quill sharpened, Geoff Baker offers a personal profile of the man some have been known to call Tosh McIntyre

I first met Robbie McIntosh at the Buddy Holly Week party of 1989.

I was taken along by Paul's PR mandarin Bernard Doherty, who told me as we entered "Put that bloody fag out!"

Poleaxed at the prospect of working in a no-smoking zone I started to shake and yearn for a Marlboro. No one, it seemed, was smoking around Macca.

Just as I was about to dart to the gents for a sneaky puff, and thinking "this is like being in school again", I was reassured by the sight of a mean-faced minder smoking heavily.

"Come and meet some of the band," said Bernard, leading me over to a couple of guys that Mr Meanie was minding.

"This is Hamish," said Bern, introducing me. Hamish said something in broad Scots and I made a mental note "must hire a translator".

"This is Wix," said Bern, and we shook hands.

"And this," said Bern, turning to the minder, "is Robbie McIntosh".

Months later, while wandering around Tokyo trying to find something vaguely edible in the vegetarian line, I told Robbie this.

"Yeah," he replied, "actually I hated your guts when I first met you, because you were always scowling all over the place."

"*Me* scowling? What about you, you grumpy git, I thought you looked like the Anti-Christ."

"Yeah," he said again, "people get like that with me. If I'm not smiling people think I'm gonna beat them up."

At this point - and I swear this is true - I spotted a well-known BBC disc-jockey who knows me very well. Never having met him in a Tokyo high street before I expected him to say "What the hell are you doing here?". As one does.

Instead, the DJ glanced at Robbie (not smiling), gulped and darted headlong into the speeding traffic to avoid us. Shame about the face.

I've seen interviewers react the same way. One American TV journalist, over in the UK to interview the band, sidled up to me all a-quiver after doing Robbie and said "Oh dear, I think I've really upset Robbie McIntosh."

"Did he storm out?" I asked.

"No, but he sort of glowered," she whimpered.

"Oh, well that's alright then."

I only mention this because Old Sour Face is in fact The Funniest Man In The World. In. The. World. Never mind Eddie Murphy or Benny Hill, not a patch on Robbie. Billy Connolly? Not in Robbie's league. Even George Bush's hilarious "read my lips" address - which you've got to admit even a Martian would find hysterical - doesn't compare.

You want examples now, don't you? Yes, thought you might. Trouble is, Robbie doesn't lend himself to examples. That's the problem with writing this profile: it's one of those You Had To Be There To Understand jobs.

You see, the problem with explaining Robbie's humour is that he's not a *gag* man. He doesn't *tell* jokes. He kind of tells aphorisms, and they come out of nowhere, without warning. There you are, quietly sipping your twelfth pint of a lunchtime and suddenly he'll chirp up "Reality is for people who can't cope with drugs", or "If the blonde you marry turns out to be a brunette, sue her for bleach of promise".

That sort of thing.

Or you'll be walking in New York and pass a sign advertising a conference on schizophrenia and Robbie'll mutter "I've half a mind to attend".

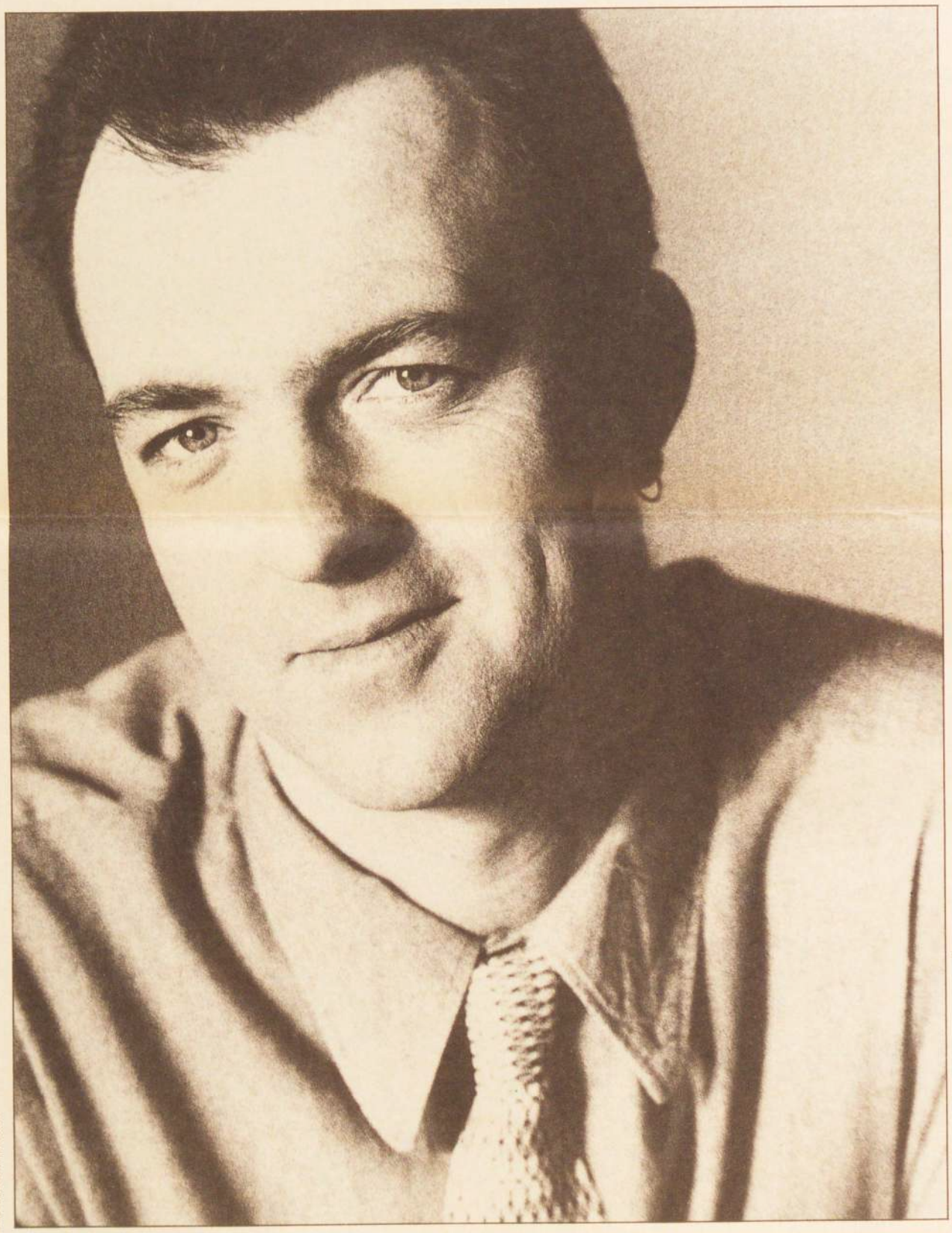
Or you're strolling in a riverside park. Everyone stops to feed a swan and Robbie tells it "Take me to your Leda".

What else can I tell you? He's a bit of a knowledge junkie. Although he claims otherwise, he remembers those vital little snippets that make living life worthwhile - like the size of the genitalia of the East European Earth Worm.

This is why those of us with common-sense avoid playing Trivial Pursuit with Robbie. You can never beat him. He gets stuck into those earth worm eroticism questions and you never get to shake the dice again.

Also, Robbie has a tasty line in language (when he feels like it). His reasoning seems to be, why say something simple when something obscure will do? For instance, he'll never say "I'm drunk". It'd be "I'm obfuscated" or "I'm pot valiant" or "I'm nicely thank you'd". This plays hell with the understanding of Americans, who hear him saying "I got nicely thank you'd last night" and look at him in horror as if he'd just joined Village People.

Robbie's aforementioned knowledge of things like the private parts of the East European earth worm is rivalled only by his information about NRBQ.



PHOTOGRAPH: KIM KNOTT

PHOTOGRAPHS: ALAN SILFEN

While the name may suggest a Russian secret police force, NRBQ actually stands for New Rhythm & Blues Quartet, a criminally-underrated East Coast band who are Robbie McIntosh's musical passion. To say that Robbie likes NRBQ is like saying that the Pope is fond of God. I have a serious suspicion that Robbie can't even get out of bed without a shot of NRBQ, and if you ever spend any time with him you'll discover that most of that time is spent trawling record stores in which Robbie will scour every rack - looking under N, R, B *and* Q - for any of their tapes that he doesn't possess among his collection of 36,703 albums.

In fact, if you ever want to please Robbie just give him a rare NRBQ tape. He'd volunteer to have your baby for that.

What else can I tell you? He started playing guitar at the age of ten; when he first heard the Beatles he thought that they were actually inside the record, singing, and that's how the sound came out; and he lives in the country with Flo, Hannah, Holly and the recently-arrived Rowan, where he home-grows his herd of Newfoundland dogs.

He's also shy, but frank. He's very sociable but likes to be left alone. He's a shrewd judge of character but thinks that I'm mad [shouldn't that "but" be "so"? - ed.], he likes to please but won't be pushed around, he's highly-rated as the guitarist's guitarist but modestly won't acknowledge that he's among the best.

And, oh yeah, I almost forgot - I happen to believe that in the years to come, when an inquisition is held to find out exactly who it was that invented Rap and Rave - so that their names can henceforth be cursed forever - and when R&B is once again recognised as God's greatest musical gift, Robbie McIntosh's guitar playing will be hailed as one of the wonder's of the late 20th century.

I have several proofs of this belief.

One came in the basement of a Dorset pub, where Robbie, backed by a motley band of mates, got up to do his own set, including that classic Macca rocker 'I'm Down'. I was so sick with envy I really wanted to stay in bed for a whole month after that.

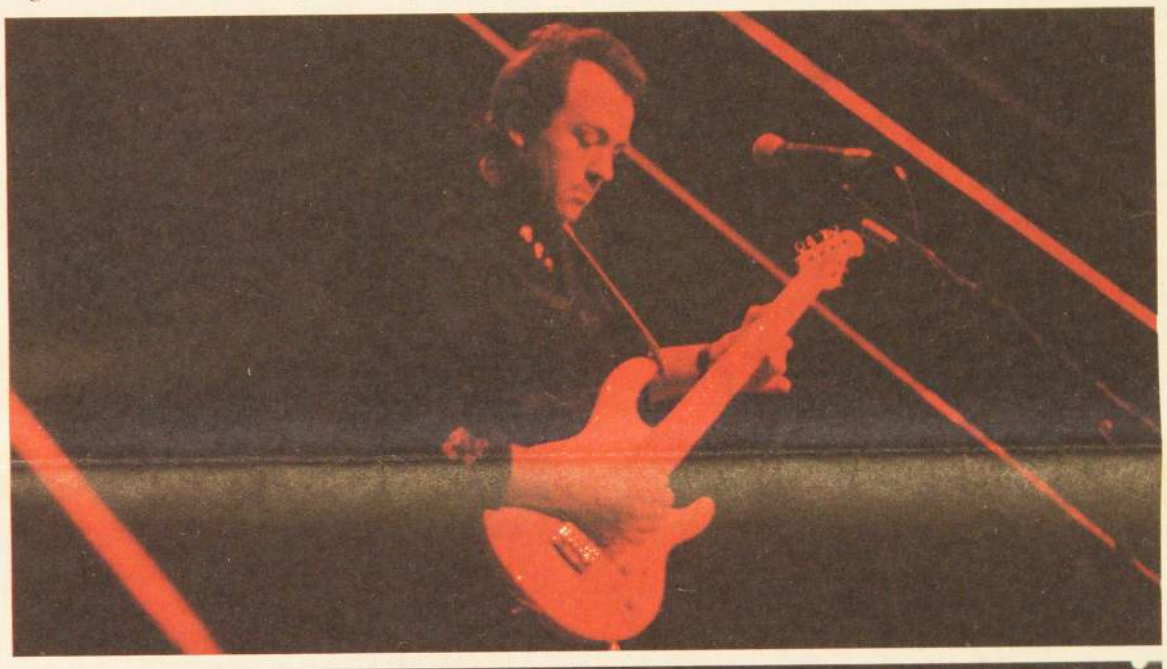
I've seen him play like that, doing his own *thang*, in little clubs all around the world; from the Bridport Arts Centre local talent contest - where he got so nervous he kept lingering at the bar and wouldn't go on stage for ages, worried that the local teenage competition was a bit good - to Chicago blues clubs and the Tokyo Cavern Club. (That was one of the best nights of all.)

The point about Robbie playing all over the place is that his compulsion to play is very rock and roll. It doesn't matter where, it's the *doing* that matters.

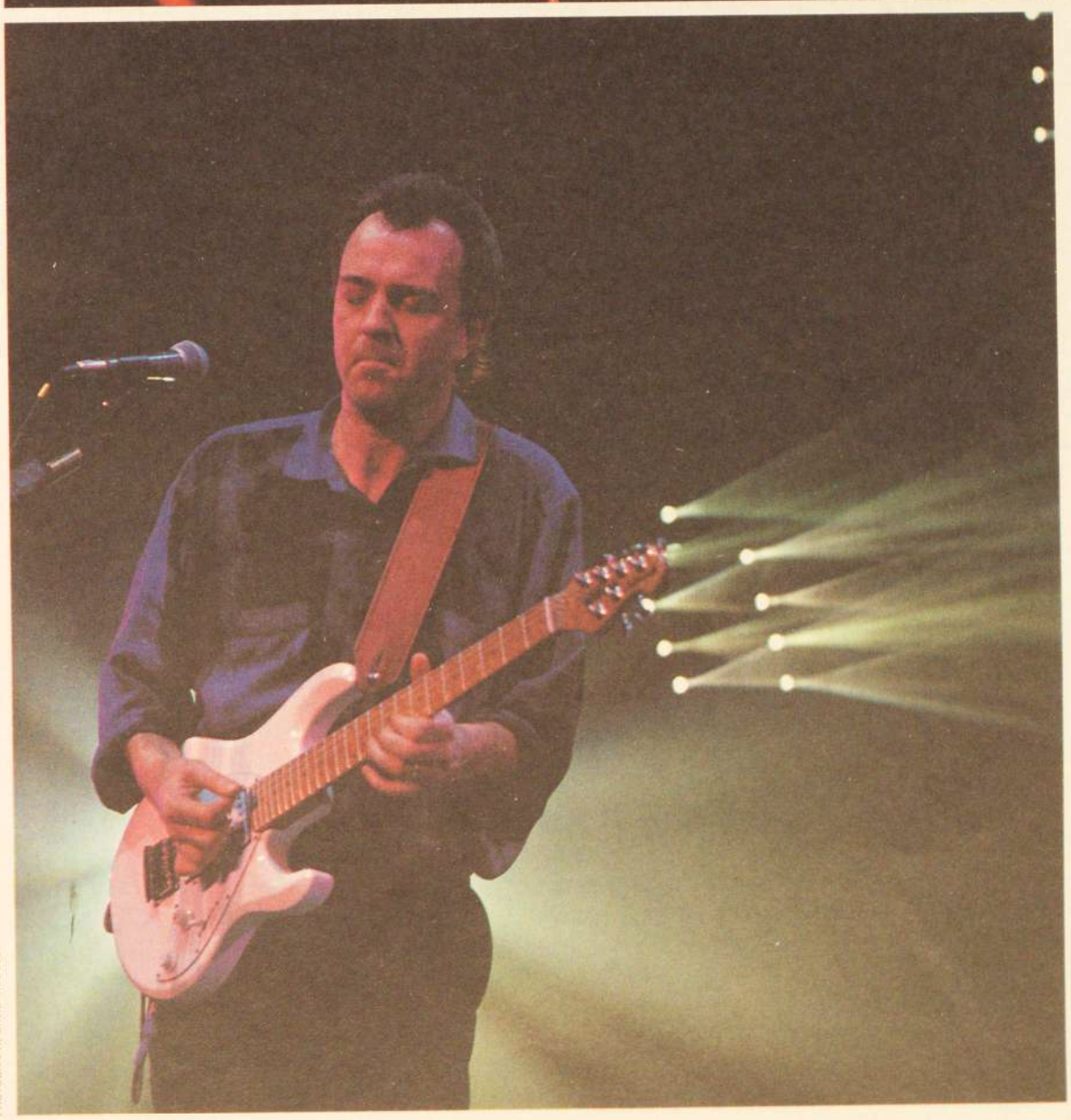
There's a good quote on this from Keith Richards - who Robbie increasingly reminds me of if you slice 13 years off the Stone's age and don't peer too closely at the face.

He said, "It [performing] is the whole point of rock and roll. That feeling, that *zing* you get from playing to an audience is the reason why you join a band in the first place. If you *don't* do it, if you don't perform, you just wind up like a session musician - highly paid but your reasons get lousier and lousier."

And I think Robbie's like that: he's *compelled* to play.



PHOTOGRAPH: ROSS HALFIN



PHOTOGRAPH: DAVID MOSELL

Another example of his stature came recently when I was trying to scrounge free tickets for a couple of people to see blues legend Ry Cooder perform at the Royal Albert Hall.

The gig was sold out so I tried the old pals act. "Sorry," said the record company, "no seats left. Unless, that is, you're Jesus Christ."

I rang back. "Hi," I wisecracked, "this is Jesus Christ."

"Sorry," they said again, "no room."

"They told my *Mum* that," I snapped, seasonally, slamming down the phone.

So I called the promoter. "No chance," he said. I rang the Albert Hall management office. "Forget it." I dropped names. No way. I dropped ENORMOUS names. Uh-uh. I *even* offered money. Nope.

Finally I got through to Ry's management. "Look," I said, "I've got this mate and he'd *really* like to see the show."

"Sorry, there really isn't any room. We've been saying 'no' for a week now."

I made to sound like someone had just run over my pet dog.

"What's your mate called?" asked the management voice.

"Robbie McIntosh," I said. "He plays with Pau..."

"OH!" said the management, "*that* gentleman! That gentleman can come see us any time he wants. Mighty fine guitar player, that boy."

[This is true, Rob.]

THEY ALSO HAPP

Just because there's no space in your *Sandwich* for regular reports that they've ceased to, well, ongo. To prove it, Mark Lewisohn re-ca and still very much thriving McCartney projects - Linda's rang

PHOTOGRAPH: RICHARD HAUGHTON

Eighteen months ago, in the Summer of 1991 (*CS*58), we were delighted to report the launch of Linda McCartney's range of meals. The aim then, at the outset of this innovative and exciting foray into the world of frozen food, was not only to feed vegetarians but to convert carnivores, in other words, to show meat-eaters a valid alternative.

Eighteen months on, we're even more delighted to report that it has been, and remains, a fantastic success story.

In a sense, Britain has been the world's food tester and taster, for it's really only been at home that the Linda McCartney range has been widely available. There were six products to begin with and now, as readers who investigate freezer cabinets will already know, there are ten, the four additional meals added earlier in 1992 being Cauliflower & Broccoli Potato Gratin, Deep Country Pies, Vegetables Wedges and Spaghetti Bolognese-Style. And - get this - in the year to April 1992, Ross Young's, the manufacturers, reported a total UK sales figure of 14,580,564 servings. In those 12 months alone, around £6m was spent on Linda's food at British supermarket tills, with half of that coming from the purses and pockets of established meat-eaters keen to trust Linda's name and try an alternative.

And the statistics should take another upward leap in the new year when a widespread advertising campaign gets underway. Look out for it, and for three further brands that'll be fighting for space on supermarket shelves: a pack of sausages, sausage rolls and a Quorn stir-fry, bringing the UK range to 13 products.

Incidentally, it's that fight for a place on the shelf that has prevented sales from exceeding even £16m, for in no single British supermarket can one find the entire Linda McCartney range. At the most, a shop will stock only three or four competing items, no matter who the manufacturer or what the product. (It certainly isn't, as some have suggested, an anti-vegetarian policy!)

The USA is one place, however, where an entire range can be accommodated in a single store, and the chances are - and this news will certainly please all those who regularly write to *Club Sandwich* on the subject - that the Linda McCartney frozen food range may make its US bow in 1993. Tim Treharne, who has worked closely with Linda for four years on developing the range, explains why the Americans have had to wait. "If you try and do too much too soon you can catch a cold, so until we'd established the UK market - and it took us nearly three years to get the product right and get everything together here - we weren't sure whether we'd even have a successful range to launch elsewhere. In America you have to buy shelf-space, it's what they call 'slotting fees', and so you have to be very, very sure of what you're offering. Also, a lot of the UK products are unsuitable for the US market, and we've had to develop a completely new range of products especially for the USA."

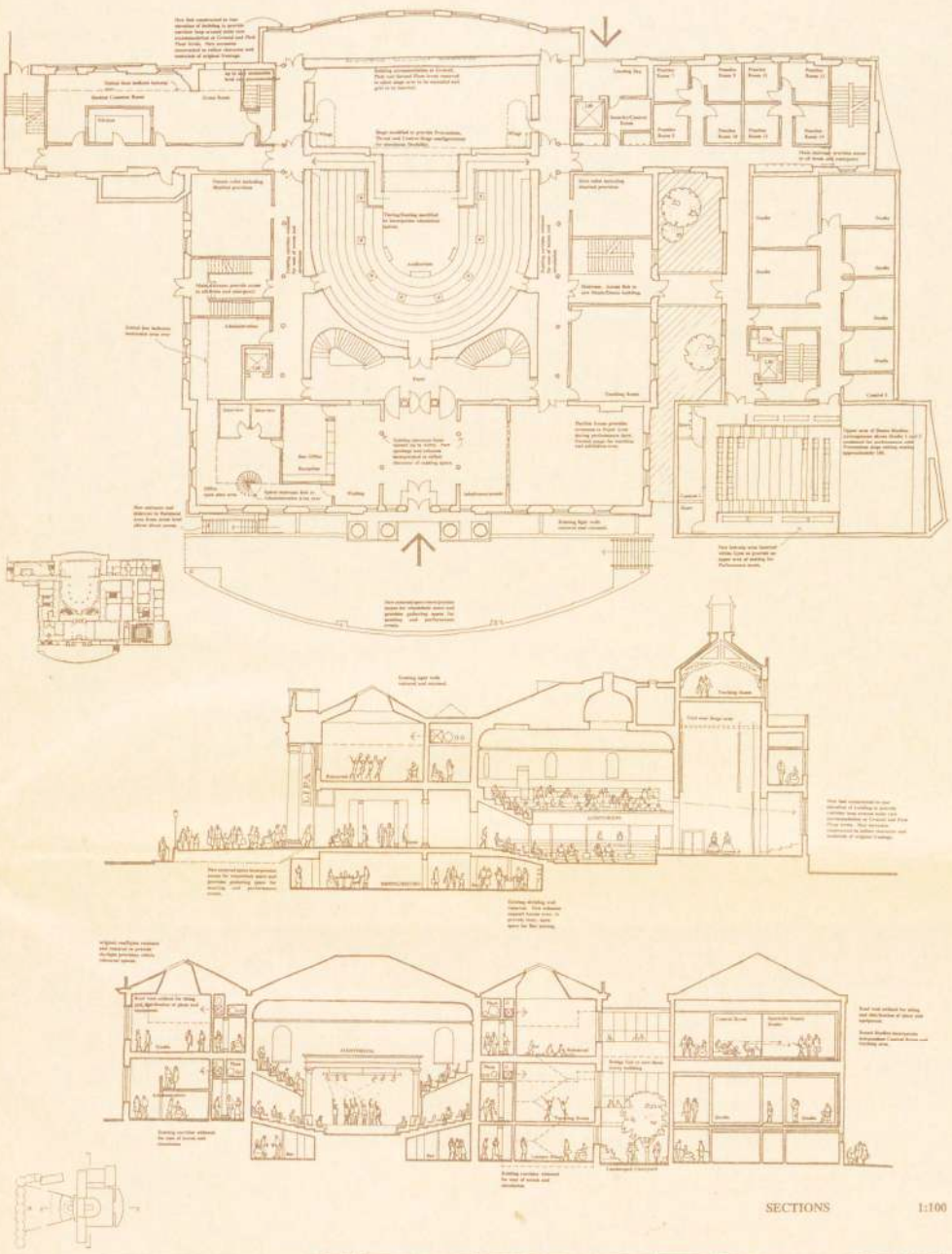
The coming year will also witness the expansion of European horizons, too, with Linda hoping to provide on-the-spot support as Paul's forthcoming concert tour wends its way across the continent. Sample test-marketing has already begun in France, and in Portugal the British product range is now on sale in selected stores. One enterprising executive there has even bought 500 freezer cabinets exclusively for the Linda McCartney range and installed them in all the major Portuguese supermarkets. Sales results in Portugal are also being watched closely in Spain, which may be dipping a toe into the market before too long.

Doubters will be disappointed to learn that Linda has retained close personal control over her product, for this has never been a simple 'superstar endorsement' deal. As Tim Treharne notes, "She is still as involved as before, it hasn't diminished. We have food meetings with her every month and she remains very much involved and very much enjoying it. In fact, as we've had success she's gained in confidence and is getting more and more excited about the future possibilities.

"I don't think anybody, when we started all this off, really knew exactly how far it could go. It began as a small cottage-industry and has grown into a substantial business. Everybody in the team is very pleased for Linda, because she's very dedicated, very keen and very supportive, and it's nice for her to see her ideas get off the ground and turn into a success. In all countries, all the statistics indicate that there is less meat being eaten, so the Linda McCartney range will go onward and upward."

ENED IN '92

about certain ongoing activities doesn't mean asts the spotlight onto two previously celebrated ge of frozen meals and Paul's LIPA plans



Paul with Mark Featherstone-Witty

It's one year since *Club Sandwich* first focused on the plans for LIPA, Paul's enterprising scheme to turn his now-derelict alma mater into the Liverpool Institute for Performing Arts. One *incredible* year, in fact.

Wide-ranging support has been quickly accumulated, inside as well as outside the British music industry.

A team of architects has been engaged to turn the vision into a structured reality, with some urgent refurbishment of the old Institute already underway.

More than £9m of the target £12.4m funding has already been pledged (some with strings attached, some not), with MPL giving £1m, the British government (via its City Challenge programme) £4m and the European Commission a similar sum. Even the Queen has made a donation!

Most of these achievements are the result of incredible industry on the part of Mark Featherstone-Witty, the administrative director of LIPA, who has participated in approximately 400 meetings these past 12 months and seen his original plan for a performing arts school (see *CS*60) take several quantum jumps in the right direction. Despite his modesty, even he has to admit, "We've done extraordinarily well; in the first nine months of 1992 alone we conceivably raised nearly £9m. And the amazing thing is that there's just Bergen Peck [the development officer] and me working from a small Liverpool office we call 'The Cupboard'!"

But Paul - does he ever stop working? - has kept tabs on events all the way, and continues to spearhead the fund-raising campaign, most notably in 1992 by hosting three special lunches, private affairs which were organised to obtain and consolidate donations and support from a wide range of interested parties. "The guests know that they're there to donate money," concedes Mark. "There's really no point in wasting space on someone who's unlikely to give."

Carefully selected guests at the lunches were equally carefully placed, dined and shown a LIPA promotional video - "so that people could get a feel for what the building is like and what it will become, and the general atmosphere we're hoping to generate". Then they were addressed by two speakers: Mark and Paul himself, who told guests how he got involved with the project, his feelings for his old school and what LIPA will mean for the city and people of Liverpool. As they left, the guests were then handed an appeal brochure and - as a memento of the lunch - the video.

"The first lunch took place on 21 February at the London office of the Performing Right Society," recalls Mark. "Since Paul is a very prominent music publisher and songwriter it seemed appropriate to tackle the music publishing industry first. All of the major companies were there, as a consequence of which, in addition to making an upfront donation of something like £260,000, the trade body MPA [Music Publishers Association] decided it would make LIPA the focus of its fund-raising activities for the foreseeable future. They've pulled together a scheme called *The Singer And The Song* where established music acts are invited to nominate a songwriter to write a song for them, and the proceeds from this album will be given to LIPA.

"The second lunch was held on 2 July in a rather magnificent building in Brussels, around the corner from the European Commission, and to that we invited elected officials of the EC itself. The third, at The Groucho Club in London on 1 October, was geared towards trusts and foundations, private individuals and corporate/commercial companies outside the music industry."

As well as hosting lunches, more than 600 appeal letters have been mailed to a variety of people and concerns who wouldn't necessarily go to a lunch but still might wish to donate. One such letter, from Paul, went to Her Majesty the Queen - who responded magnificently with a donation from her own personal account. Protocol dictates that the amount of the royal donation cannot be disclosed, however the prestige in receiving a cheque headed 'Buckingham Palace', and for a project still in the throes of being completed, is great indeed, not least in the form of terrific publicity.

But no one whose dream is making LIPA a reality is losing sight of the fact that the venture is for everyday people, everywhere. Mark is therefore more than happy to report that he is receiving "continual responses from people around the world who describe themselves as 'regular folk', people who want to give something back, to Paul or to the Beatles.

"For example, one American woman, whose husband, a Beatles fan, has died, sees LIPA as a marvellous way to have a 'memorial' in his name, and in Liverpool, the city he loved, by having a seat in the auditorium in his name. Slowly but surely name-plates on all the auditorium seats (£50) and the stair-treads (£100) are being sold."

But not everything can wait until all of the capital investment is in place. The original roof of the Liverpool Institute - in such disrepair that a heavy downpour caused flooding inside the building - was removed in November; by the spring, once the timbers have dried out, it will be replaced.

In the meantime, architects will be drawing up a physical vision of what, until now, has been only a mind-design, following which the long rigmarole of planning applications will begin. "All being well," says Mark, "we should be on site in August 1993. That will be when we start *our* work on the building."

The result of all this hard labour will be evident in September 1995, when LIPA welcomes its first students, be they full-time (three years), part-time or "distance-learners" (that is, people receiving material through the mail).

The year of 1992 has seen much progress in the academic area too. "We've decided that there should be a common core course," says Mark, "so that whatever specialised subject someone decides to do, during their time with us they'll have to also study the common core areas, which will be a spectrum of industry-related subjects. There are 300 job categories in the performing arts. It employs over half a million people in the UK alone. Our aim will be to produce quality personnel for all of these areas.

"One of the reasons we've received the support that we have is that LIPA is a charity. Another reason, of course, is that Paul McCartney is so closely involved. Apart from anything else, people are realising that it's never before happened that someone of his stature - let's face it: he's the guy who, along with three others, made the British music industry what it is - is prepared to devote so much for the future. And, of course, he still plans to be personally involved in some of the courses too."

So that was 1992. The coming year promises considerably more action too, for the current plan is that Paul will make LIPA a focus of the forthcoming world tour, with a number of schemes in development which should appeal to his audiences.

A year ago *Club Sandwich* reported "Paul's so-called Fame school is going to be done properly".

Turns out that was quite an understatement!

MINING THE FILM AND VIDEO ARCHIVE

We continue our scan around the archive

THE WHITBREAD ARCHIVE

WONDERFUL CHRISTMASTIME

With it being December *again* there can be few competitors for the video staking a claim to exhumation in this seasonal *Sandwich*. It has to be 'Wonderful Christmastime' (the word that computer spell-check programmes always change into 'Christianise'), the single issued by Paul, solo, in November 1979, for which a video was filmed by Wings, group.

What happens therein is this. A pub-owning couple, somewhat senior in years, are sitting in their spartan establishment, bereft of customers, cold and lonely, watching television. He's puffing on a pipe, she's knitting what may well be a tea-cosy. Exciting it clearly isn't. On screen are Wings, performing (filmed during rehearsals for their 1979 UK tour), obviously having a wonderful time. Suddenly, magically, the jollity then jumps from screen to pub, transcending the still-born atmosphere into a place of great festive merriment, with customers - Paul, Linda, et al - supping some stuff and dancing happily.

The fun then spreads outdoors, with Linda riding a white horse, and musicians and locals mingling around a splendid bonfire. At the end of the video, a huge beribboned gift descends from the night sky, lands plum in front of the pub and opens to reveal Wings, playing and singing. For Mr & Mrs Pub-Owners, the wonderment of Christmas has been realised on their own doorstep.

Club Sandwich recently tracked down said Mr & Mrs Pub-Owners and asked them to recall the occasion, which they could do obligingly well because, let's face it, it's not every day that your very own humble hostelry - in this instance The Fountain, in Ashurst, West Sussex - is invaded by cameras, lights, "grips", make-up artists...and the all singing, all dancing McCartneys.

But first, a confession: Maurice and Jean Caine, who then ran The Fountain on behalf of a brewery and now own it outright, are not the same senior couple seen in the video. The couple on camera were "extras", brought along by director Russell Mulcahy. But it was the real Maurice who received the approach about

Paul filming in his pub. "The producer just came down, bought a pint, had a look around, introduced himself and asked whether I'd be interested in them using the pub for making a video," he recalls. "It was all verbal and happened very quickly - they were filming within two weeks of him coming down.

"It took a whole day to shoot. The crew arrived about seven o'clock in the morning - we gave them breakfast - and the filming went right through. We didn't have an all-day drinking licence in those days, but we stayed open anyway, and there were absolutely hundreds of people in the pub, mostly locals, from start to finish. The last person left about one o'clock the following morning. It was one heck of a day."

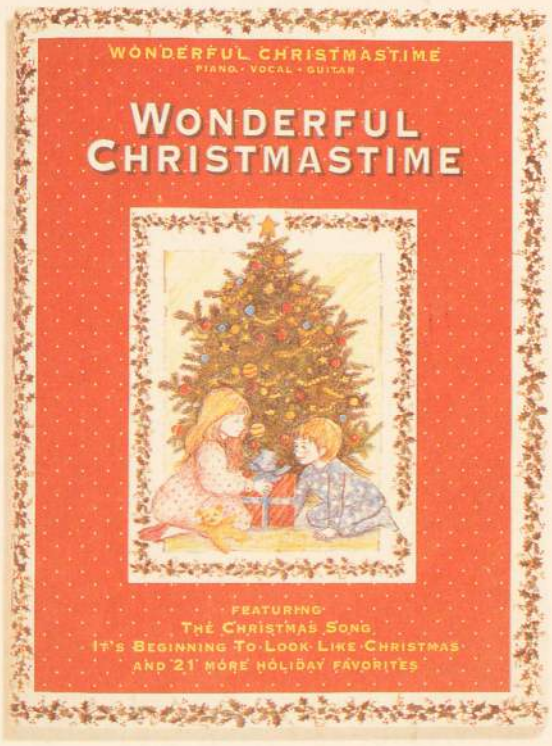
The essence of the video shoot, naturally, was to simulate Christianise...sorry, Christmastime. The trouble was, the video was shot on 16 November. "That was a great pity," comments Maurice, "because a professional crew came in and put up Christmas decorations throughout the pub. They did an absolutely superb job but it was just that little bit premature, so after they'd gone we had to take it all down, only to put it all back up a couple of weeks later. The video producers [Jon Roseman Associates] didn't pay us much for using the pub but at least we got to retain the decorations, and we still use them, every year."

Something else kindly left behind by the video crew was snow. Tons of the stuff. "They used polystyrene chips to simulate it," says Maurice, "and when they were emptying sack after sack of it across the car park I asked them who would be clearing up afterwards. They said, 'Don't worry, mate, there'll be a crew of blokes here tomorrow morning and it'll all be cleared away'. Of course, they didn't turn up - I had to do it myself, and for two or three years afterwards I was still finding those bits of polystyrene. The wind had got up and blown it everywhere. I even found some in the cellar."

Counteracting the inconvenience, the Caines have fond memories of playing host to Paul and Linda. "We found them a charming couple," says Maurice, "and let them use our private kitchen as their retreat. At one point in the afternoon, while the cameras were setting-up in the inglenook bar, Paul sat down at our honky-tonk piano and entertained the customers for quite a considerable period of time. We'd not long moved into The Fountain, and found that the piano's pads had been eaten away by mice. It sounded absolutely dreadful when any of the customers tried to get a tune out of it but when Paul played it he made it speak.

"And he told me, 'Don't change it - this is just what a pub piano should sound like'. I can still visualise him sitting there now, in his army greatcoat, playing for the customers."

With the video receiving frequent TV screenings, Maurice and Jean soon found their pub becoming famous - even though its location was not revealed. "We have a wide following anyway because we're one of the old, traditional pubs that hasn't been spoiled," remarks Maurice. "But people all along the south coast recognised The Fountain in the video and came up to say hello. And we're still being asked now by customers, even 13 years on, if this was the pub that Paul filmed in. Our only disappointment was that Sir Laurence Olivier was away when Paul and Linda were here, because this was his local pub and he was a frequent customer in the years before he died."



Bringing the subject up to the present, Wonderful Christmastime *is also a new stocking-size folio featuring 23 seasonal favourites from the MPL publishing catalogue, arranged for piano, vocal and guitar and published in the USA*

A NEW Paul McCartney TOP 40

Listeners to a weekly Beatles show on US radio station WDHA ("The Rock Of New Jersey") were recently invited to vote for their favourite Paul McCartney song, choosing a minimum of five or a maximum of ten compositions from Paul's remarkable career. Ken Michaels, host of the show and long-time *Club Sandwich* subscriber, collated the results and sent them to us for publication.

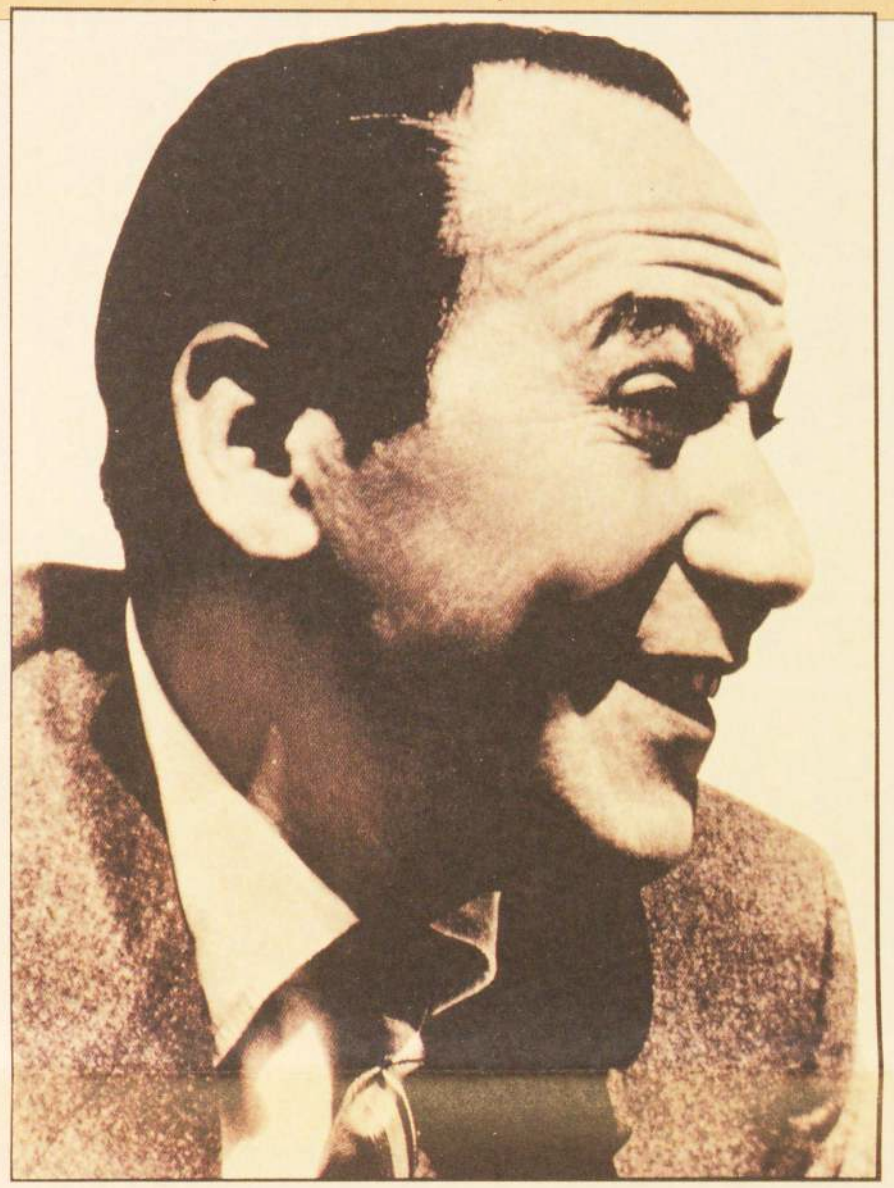
Doubtless the list will include many of your favourites and omit others, and perhaps pack one or two surprises along the way.

1 HEY JUDE
(an easy winner with 299 points)
2 Maybe I'm Amazed (187)
3 Here, There And Everywhere (168)
4 Let It Be (162)
5 Yesterday (155)
6 For No One (151)
7 Mull Of Kintyre (133)
8 The Long And Winding Road (131)
9 Golden Slumbers/Carry That Weight/The End (117)
10 Penny Lane (114)
11 Only Love Remains (109)
12 Daytime Nighttime Suffering (105)
13 I Saw Her Standing There (104)
14 Eleanor Rigby (99)
15 Band On The Run (98)
16 Every Night (94)
17 Junior's Farm (94)
18 1985 (88)
19 Got To Get You Into My Life (86)
20 All My Loving (84)
21 Little Lamb Dragonfly (82)
22 I Will (80)
23 Wanderlust (77)
24 And I Love Her (76)
25 My Love (71)
26 Back Seat Of My Car (68)
27 Put It There (67)
28 No More Lonely Nights (64)
29 Live And Let Die (64)
30 Tug Of War (60)
31 We Can Work It Out (59)
32 My Brave Face (58)
33 Silly Love Songs (55)
34 Oh! Darling (54)
35 The Night Before (51)
36 This One (50)
37 Figure Of Eight (48)
38 Get Back (48)
39 Another Day (47)
40 Through Our Love (45)

Thanks, Ken.

NICE ONE FRANK!

MPL has put together a new CD.
You can't buy it but three lucky readers can win it...



Frank Loesser

Much of the business of an active music publishing company is to make its wares known to potential users, to draw attention to songs which may be suitable for, say, another artist to record, or for a film director to put into his or her picture, or for an advertising agent to use in a campaign.

And so MPL, being one of the world's largest independent publishing companies, has recently put together a delightful two-CD compilation of 40 wonderful songs from its extensive catalogue, each given a superb reading by a top artist. The set is *MPL's Treasury Of Songs - The Standards*, and the songs have been drawn solely from the catalogue of Frank Music, a publishing house formed long ago by songwriter Frank Loesser and acquired by MPL two decades back.

Among the classic tunes included on the CDs are 'Luck Be A Lady' (the recording here is by another Frank, Mr Sinatra), 'The Ugly Duckling' (Danny Kaye), 'Seventy-Six Trombones' (Robert Preston), 'My Resistance Is Low' (sung by its co-composer, the wonderful Hoagy Carmichael), 'Baby, It's Cold Outside' (Ray Charles & Betty Carter), 'Till There Was You' (Peggy Lee, whose version led to the Beatles' subsequent cover) and 'Unchained Melody' (the Righteous Brothers).

And among the artists not mentioned above are Barbra Streisand, Sammy Davis Jnr, Dean Martin, Harry Belafonte, Les Paul & Mary Ford, Perry Como, Roberta Flack, Bing Crosby, Sarah Vaughan, Nat 'King' Cole, Aretha Franklin, Mary Hopkin and Shirley Bassey.

As you can see, it looks like one heck of a compilation. And we can assure you, it *sounds* even better.

Actually, it's the third such publishing collection put together by MPL's Alan 'The Crowd' Crowder, the first being the vinyl *Galaxy Of Songs* many years back, and the second the 1988 cassette compilation *Wow, Mom, Listen To This!* (see CS50).

But, dare we say it, this is the best yet. It's certainly the most ambitious in scale.

You can't buy *MPL's Treasury Of Songs - The Standards* in the shops, by mail, by computer or by any other method of purchase known to Man, because it's what's known in the music industry as a sampler, a limited-edition product made strictly for promotional purposes only, and definitely not for public sale. BUT, you can be one of three lucky winners of this excellent double-CD simply by sending a postcard bearing your own name and address to:
Treasury Of Songs,
The Paul McCartney Fun Club,
PO Box 110,
Westcliff,
Essex,
SS0 8NW,
England.
Really, it couldn't be any easier. We'll draw three postcards from the hat on 1 February and send the winners their prize, pronto.
(Please do not use your postcard to convey any other Fun Club matter.)

A SNAP DECISION

Linda's decision to take up photography as a profession proved the pivotal point in her life. In conversation with Eddy Pumer, *Club Sandwich*'s picture editor fascinatingly recalls the start of her new career

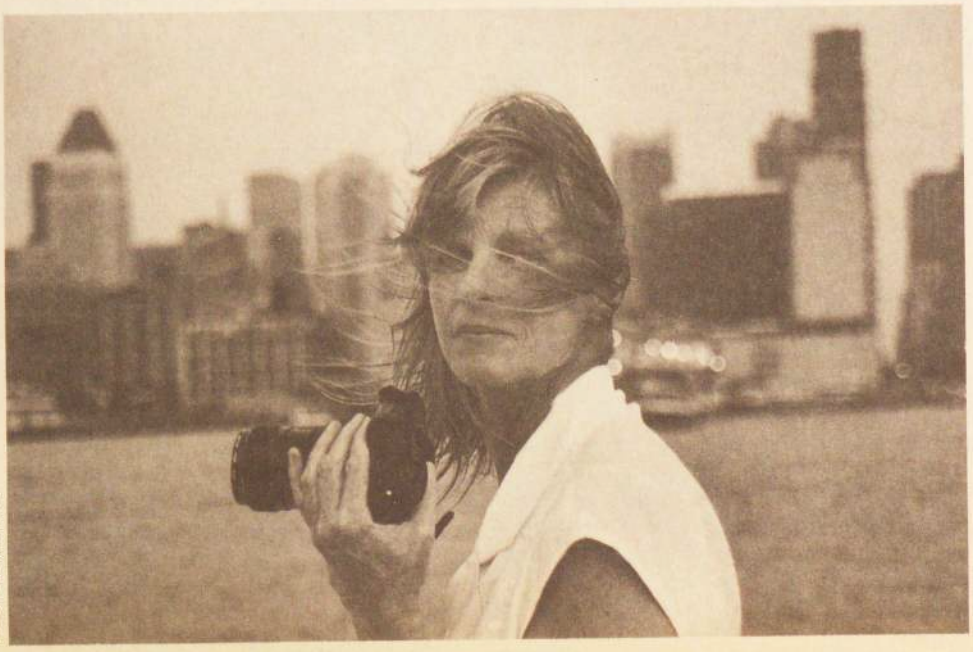


PHOTO: PAUL McCARTNEY

"I really became a photographer by accident. I always loved art and visual artistic endeavours, especially the work of Goya, Picasso, Matisse, Magritte, Daumier and so on, but I never knew about great photographers. So, when I lived in the south-west of America and a friend of mine, Nina Hill Brown, asked me to accompany her to a photography night course being given at the Tucson Arts Center, I was skeptical.

"In fact it wasn't even a course: it was just three people - older people, not really students - looking at photographs. But until that night I had no idea that there had been so many great photographers, people like Walker Evans, Edward Steichen and Ansel Adams, and they were mainly black-and-white shots we were looking at.

"I was particularly struck by the Steinbeck-type characters, because Roosevelt, when he was president of America, got all the poets, the photographers, the painters and the writers to go across the dustbowl to make a document of it. Steinbeck was inspired by Walker Evans' and Dorothea Lange's photographs of the dustbowl to help write his novel *The Grapes Of Wrath*. I was absolutely taken by these people's faces and their hands and the poverty and the spirit, and became very interested in photography because I could suddenly see that it was Art. Until that night I had always thought it was fashion and 'sell' and commercials, but it was actually Art and it had a great feel to it.

"So after this hour, where everybody was just rifling through photographs, I went up to the teacher, a lovely woman called Hazel Archer, and said, 'I don't have a camera, I've never taken a picture, thank you very much, goodnight'. And she said, 'So borrow a camera and go take some pictures! And I'll see you next week.' So I did just that: I borrowed a camera, a Canon, from a friend of mine, Sky Vanness, and shot one roll of black-and-white film, taking some pictures of my daughter, Heather, and others of a horse somebody had given me, the mountains, a puppy, and so on, and I took in the results to Hazel the following week on a contact sheet. She said, 'You have a very good eye, you could be a photographer.' I said, 'But I don't know anything about it!' and she replied, 'Don't worry - *just take pictures*.' I never went back to her course, although I admired her greatly, but I did started taking pictures, as a hobby and because I loved it.

"You see, I was always an insecure kid. I came from an academic family and they had always wanted me to do very well in school, but I was a daydreamer and didn't do well at all; I was a disappointment to my parents and was always scared when the report card came. So when I discovered photography I forgot myself; I lost my insecurity because I was looking *out*. I would look through the lens and see something that inspired me so much that I became happy inside. So this was a new life for me - photography and the south-west of America - and I became what we would now call a 'free spirit' and realised that there was more to the world than the blinkered life of suburbia: that there was a huge, fabulous world of nature and freedom out there.

"I'd always been a music lover, especially of 1950s rhythm and blues, and of course as we got into the 1960s it became the Beatles and everyone else. While living in the south-west I had seen the Beatles on *The Ed Sullivan Show*. Fortunately, the little record shop where I got my records had a darkroom in the back, so I used to take my rolls of black-and-white film there and have them developed while I listened to the latest releases! Then one day, my best friend, who worked on the women's page of the local newspaper, said to me, 'The Royal Academy of Dramatic Arts are doing something called *Shakespeare In The Desert*, and we're running a story on it. We do have a photographer covering the event but why don't you come along too?' Unlike their photographer, though, I took my pictures without flash, using only natural light - so for example there'd be an actor in a black cape with just one spotlight shining down on him - and when I developed the film at the record shop I was amazed at how artistic the shots turned out.

"I then gave prints to the different actors and actresses and became quite friendly with some of them, as a result of which one of the actors, who became a very good friend, told me about something called *Spotlight*, a book in Britain that movie and TV casting people look through to see pictures of all the actors and actresses and get details of their agents. So he said, 'I like your photographs, will you take a picture of me for *Spotlight*?' That was my first ever commission. I didn't get paid for it but he did send a copy over to me and I was *published*!

"Still, though, photography remained a hobby, and because I had my daughter Heather to support I thought I'd better get a job. I didn't know what to do: I even went for an interview as a dentist's assistant, only to be told that I had to study for it. At the same time, in those days on a Wednesday, the Sunday edition of the *New York Times* would arrive in the south-west. I particularly used to enjoy the Art & Leisure section because I loved art and I loved theatre, and I slowly began to feel that I was missing the intellectual stimulus of the New York City arts scene, having originally come from New York. So I decided to go back there and get a job, and drove back across America. But when I got there, I realised that I hadn't been missing anything. I mean, forget intellect: life is much better than intellect, and 'interesting chat' is a load of rubbish! But, anyway, I was now back in New York and managed to find a tiny little apartment for a low rent in a nice safe area for me and my daughter.

"Next it was time to get a job. When I lived in the south-west my father had always said to me, 'You should take up typing, because if you ever want to get a job you're going to need to know how to do it', so I took a very boring and very hot - it was during the summer - typing course, and actually stuck it out although I was never very good. And, because I had friends who worked at *Mademoiselle* and *Glamor* magazines, I used to go over once a week to the office of the publishers, Condé Nast, to try and get a job. But every week I'd fail the typing test.

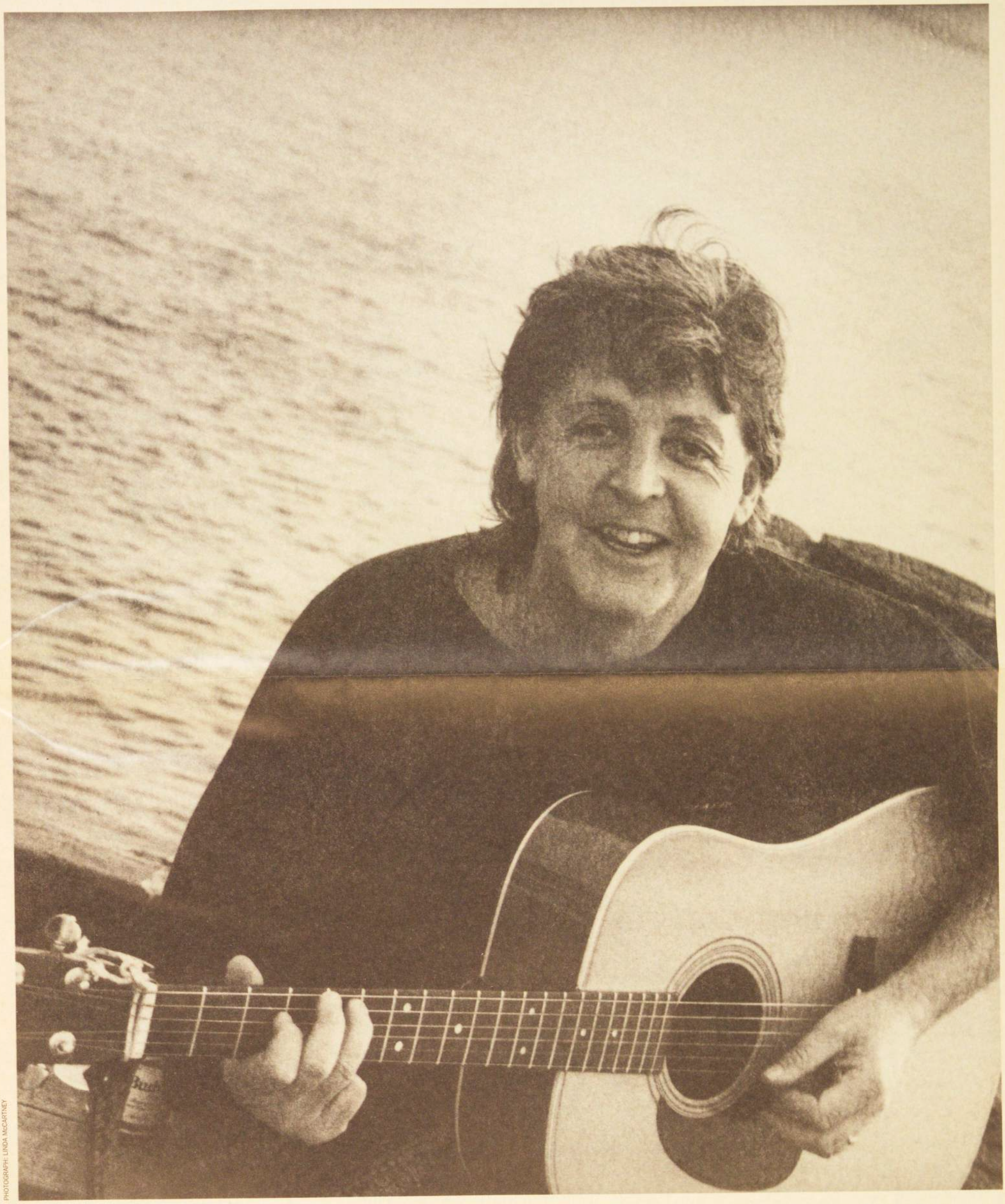
"And then one day, as I was walking past the Hearst building, around 58th Street and Madison, I thought that I should go up and see if I could get a job there instead. Here I met a very nice woman named Jean who happened to be the secretary to Tony Mazola, the publisher and editor-in-chief of *Town & Country* magazine. My timing was just right: she said that they happened to have an opening for a very flunkey receptionist's job at *T&C*. I couldn't type well, remember, but they didn't do a typing test! So I got it - it paid $65 a week, after tax; my apartment cost $180 a month so we just about managed. I found a school for Heather and used to take the bus across town to the west side, drop her off there, take a crosstown bus back to the east side and take the subway or another bus downtown to *Town & Country*. And I was there, every morning, at nine o'clock. Then I'd rush back at five o'clock to pick her up.

"*Town & Country* used some great photographers, but I never got to go to the fashion shoots because, being the secretary, I was always stuck in the office. I used to open the mail, though, and see all the invitations to this lunch or that lunch. The magazine had once put a photo of the Rolling Stones with a debutante on the cover, taken by David Bailey, and so because the Stones' PR people had an 'in' with *Town & Country* they sent an invitation to come and meet the group in person on a yacht, over at the boat basin on the Hudson River. I opened that invitation and stuck it in my desk-drawer thinking that none of the editors, since they didn't care for rock , would want to go.

"I went home that night and came down with tonsillitis, and didn't go in the next day. When I called to explain that I was sick one of the editors answered and said, 'By the way, we found an invitation in your drawer for the Rolling Stones. None of us want to go so why don't you?' I thanked her but actually I was going to go anyway! And several days later off I went, taking my camera only because, as a hobby, I enjoyed taking pictures.

"When I got to the yacht basin there was already a lot of fuss: photographers, journalists, PR people and everyone else milling around, and there was the yacht and there were the Stones. My goodness, that was great, because I was a huge Rolling Stones fan. Then a woman came up to me - it turned out to be Betsy Doster, who was Allen Klein's assistant or PR person, Klein being the Stones' then manager - and she said, 'We'd like you to be the only photographer on the boat, OK?' So what should I have said to her - 'I'm not a photographer, I just happen to have a camera around my neck'? Not me! I got on the boat with the journalists, and all the other photographers were left on land!

"I had a lot of black-and-white film with me, and a couple of rolls of colour, so I just started taking pictures. And of course being a fairly young American blonde, with a fairly short skirt, people were flirting and chatting and quite loving it. I must have taken at least eight rolls of film, one being colour, and when afterwards I got off the boat all the journalists said to me, 'We don't have any pictures to go with our stories, can we use yours?'. I said, 'Well, I don't even know if they're going to turn out, but if they do then, sure, you can have a look at them'. So they all gave me their cards and I went home very happy.



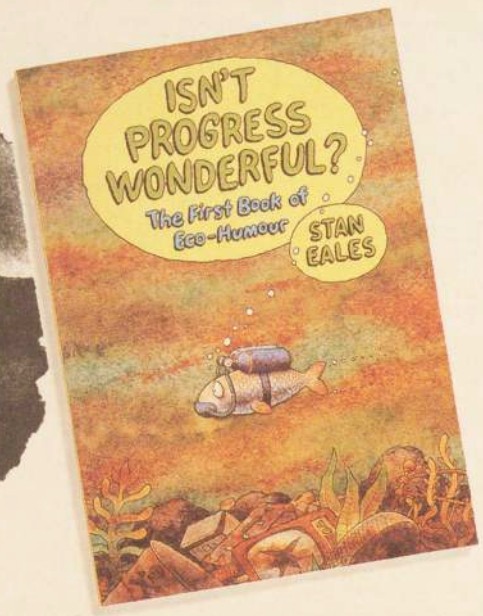
PHOTOGRAPH: LINDA McCARTNEY

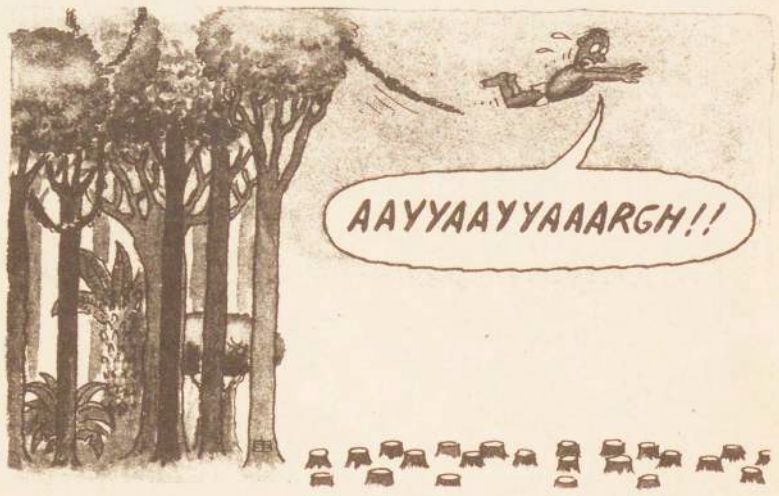
"Lo and behold, the pictures turned out great. They were very real, and a few of the journalists used them. Two people in particular loved the pictures: one was Lillian Roxon, who worked for the *Sydney Morning Herald*, which had an office in the *New York Times* building, and the other was Danny Fields, a friend now, who worked for teeny magazines like *16*. They used the pictures and paid me a fee, not a huge amount but more than my rent, and they also continued to ring me up and say, 'Listen, we're doing a story on so-and-so, would you take the pictures?'. I still had a 9-5 job so sometimes it was difficult, but the Blues Project and other local New York groups started asking if I could do some publicity shots for them and that was easier because I could do it after work. In fact, I was asked so often that I began for the first time to think of doing photography for a living.

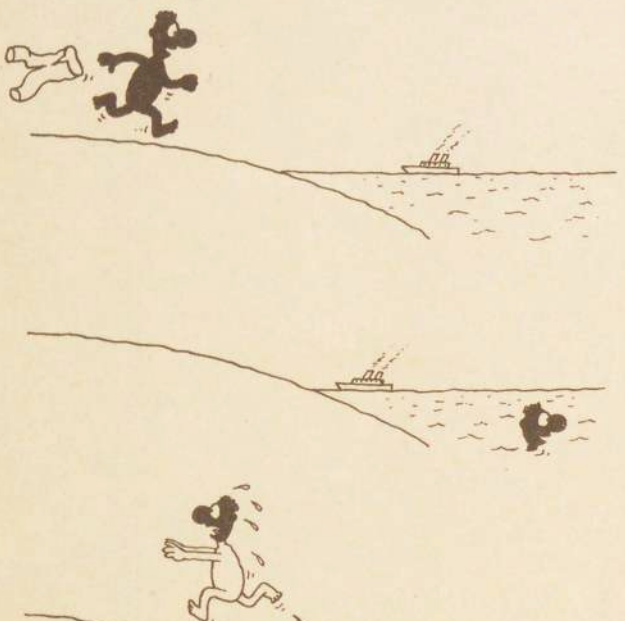
"I shall never forget one weekend when I met up with my father and told him I planned on quitting my job to become a photographer. If looks could kill I would not be here now. He said, 'Why don't you study photography, or work for a photographer? You're not going to make a living out of this, you're an amateur!' And I replied, 'Look, I'm already making more money as a photographer than I am as a flunkey at *Town & Country* so I'm going to quit my job, OK?'. He said, 'But you have no training! You have no studio!', and I said, 'So I'll use natural light!'

"And I did. I quit my job and started working as a full-time photographer, and it all grew from there..."

'Come on in....the water's horrible'







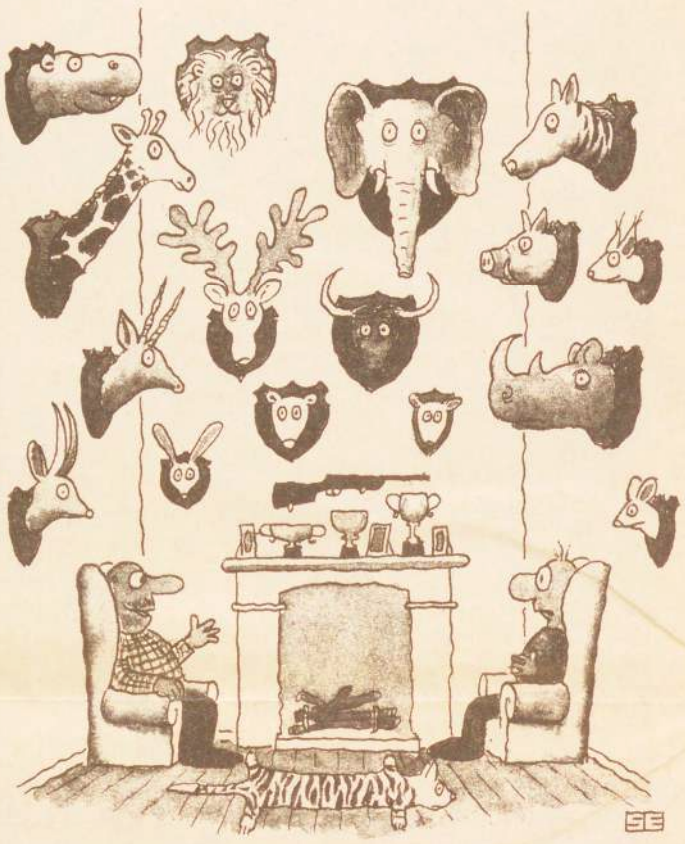
'I wonder which is more environment friendly – to buy a plastic Christmas tree or to cut down a real one'

AND IN THE GREEN CORNER

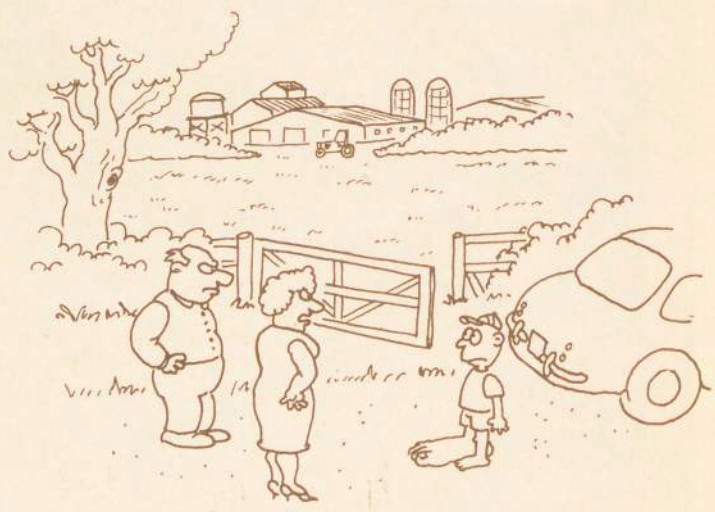
There are many ways to make a point, and it's universally recognised that humour is one of the, if not *the*, most effective. So we were especially pleased to come across *Isn't Progress Wonderful?*, a splendidly funny book of "eco-humour" cartoons published in the UK by Grub Street at £7.50.

The book contains the witty work of Stan Eales, a regular contributor to *Private Eye*, *Punch* and *Green Magazine*, and eight rib-tickling, conscience-pricking examples from it are reproduced here by kind permission of Stan and his publishers.

Whether or not you're a committed "green", you're certain to find *Isn't Progress Wonderful?* great fun. We certainly think they're "spot on". In fact, Paul and Linda have invited Stan to contribute to the forthcoming tour-booklet, too, so look out for it in the coming months.



'But hunting never hurt anyone'



'Trust you to go and stand in some growth hormone'

'It's acid snow'

WRITE AWAY

Your chance to get questions answered

Q

My cousin and I have been having an argument for a while now. He claims that at the very end of 'Penny Lane' there is the sound of a toilet flushing. I can't hear it myself. He says it's part of the glistening crescendo at the very end of the song. So tell us: is he crazy or am I?
Mark J Pierce, North Dallas, Texas, USA

Oh really? Well, before anyone has a chance to mutter "So that's why, on the charts, 'Penny Lane' only made number twos", we'd like to say that Mark is right and his cousin isn't. Agreed, the Beatles employed many curious sounds on their recordings but toilet flushing just wasn't one of them! Now wash your hands.

Q

I'm making a big scrapbook about Paul so I hope you can answer these questions:
•Will the 1973 TV special *James Paul McCartney* be released on video?
•When will *Wings Over America* be issued on video?
•Is there a book of all Paul's song lyrics, like there is for the Beatles'?
•Can I still purchase the albums *Tripping The Live Fantastic* and *Unplugged: The Official Bootleg*, and the video of *Give My Regards To Broad Street*?
Sylvain W Villeneuve, Hawkesbury, Ontario, Canada

Good questions, Sylvain. There are no plans at present to issue *James Paul McCartney* on video. *Wings Over America* was the title of an album, not a film. The film of the 1976 US tour was *Rockshow*, which has been available on video for more than a decade now. There is (sadly) no one book comprising all of Paul's song lyrics. *Tripping The Live Fantastic* is certainly still on catalogue around the world and can be bought or ordered in any record store; *Broad Street* is available on video in many countries; *Unplugged* was only a limited-edition release, so it can no longer be ordered. If you can't find a copy in regular stores you may have to try a collectors' outlet.

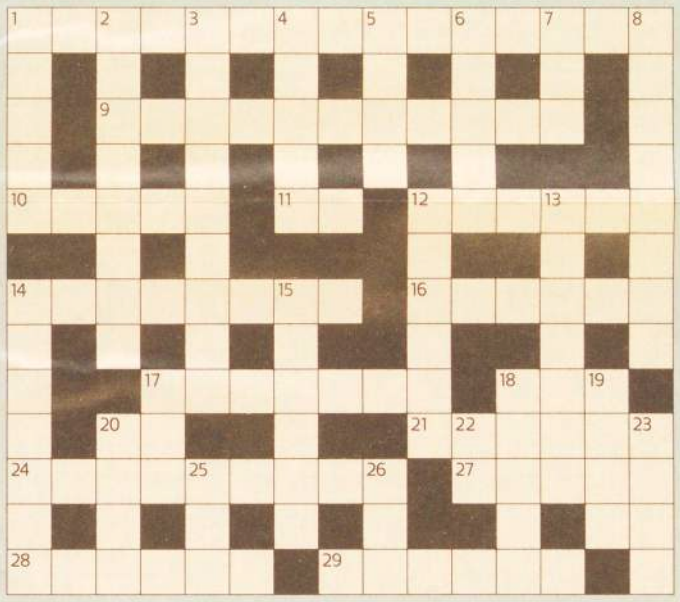
Q

I recently came across an album called *The Masked Marauders*, released in the summer of 1969. No credits are given to the composers or musicians but an article in *Rolling Stone* says it was a secret project featuring Paul McCartney, Mick Jagger, John Lennon, George Harrison and Bob Dylan. Do you have any more information about this album and why it was kept so secret?
Geoff Evans, Santa Rosa, California, USA

Sorry, Geoff, but you've been taken in by the classic spoof album of the Sixties, for *The Masked Marauders* is unique in only one respect: it was the first album to be recorded *after* it had been reviewed! That *Rolling Stone* piece was a work of pure fiction, but it prompted an unnamed band (completely sans superstars) to go into the studio and make the album themselves, which they hoped to sell to unsuspecting punters in the US. "Only once in a lifetime does an album like this appear," read the sleevenote, "only once in a millenium does it become possible at all." It also explained the background to the songs - the memorably titled 'I Can't Get No Nookie', for example, "was recorded at 4.00 in the morning after an all-night party on the tundra with the local eskimos". Need we say more?

IF YOU HAVE A QUESTION THAT YOU'D LIKE ANSWERED SEND IT ALONG TO CLUB SANDWICH, PO BOX 110, WESTCLIFF, ESSEX, SS0 8NW, ENGLAND, MARKING YOUR POSTCARD OR ENVELOPE 'WRITE AWAY' IN THE TOP-LEFT CORNER. WE CANNOT RESPOND OUTSIDE OF THIS COLUMN.

WINTER CROSSWORD



ACROSS

1 Song made famous by jazz-pianist, Fats Waller (11, 4)
9 Colour of The McCartney Rose (7, 4)
10 Ruckus (5)
11 Doctor ___, adversary of James Bond (2)
12 Jerry _____, tenor in the *Liverpool Oratorio* (6)
14 New York's theatre thoroughfare (8)
16 Tomorrow, in Spanish (6)
17 Percussion instruments (7)
18 ____ Pan Alley (3)
20 Exclamation of triumph, surprise, etc (2)
21 Stinging insect (6)
24 Linda's and Wix's instruments on stage (9)
27 Big cat or a dynamic person (5)
28 Soprano voice (6)
29 The bands of a gramophone record (6)

DOWN

1 Set of wives and concubines (5)
2 _____ Bonaparte (8)
3 "_____, all my troubles seemed so far away" (9)
4 _____ Pacific Railway (5)
5 Benevolent (4)
6 _____ Doolittle in *My Fair Lady*
7 Tree (3)
8 Buddy Holly hit (8)
12 _____ Stuart (6)
13 'She's _____ Home' (7)
14 The name of Linda's Appaloosa (7)
15 Francis _____ Sinatra (6)
17 Taxi (3)
18 Swindle, dupe (5)
19 Lack (4)
20 Sales gimmick or pubicity stunt (4)
22 Old Testament, in short (2)
23 One pace of 14 down? (4)
25 Night-bird (3)
26 Word of respect in addressing a man (3)

ANSWERS TO PSEUDONYMS CROSSWORD IN CS63

ASSOCIATED PRESS

Paul is presented to Her Royal Highness, The Princess of Wales, at a performance of the *Liverpool Oratorio* in Lille, Northern France. The Princess was on an official visit to the Lille Cultural Festival in November

COMING UP...

JANUARY
'Hope Of Deliverance', brand new Paul McCartney single, released around the world
Rehearsals for World Tour
Linda's Exhibition Of The Sixties opens at Hamiltons Gallery, London (26th)

FEBRUARY
Off The Ground, brand new Paul McCartney album, released around the world
Rehearsals for World Tour

MARCH
The Paul McCartney New World Tour expected to get underway!
Swedish premiere of *Liverpool Oratorio* in Stockholm (12th)

...and your Spring *Club Sandwich*

"Do you wanna touch me there? Where? There! Yeah!" Paul and Mr Glitter discuss the identity of the leader of the gang...

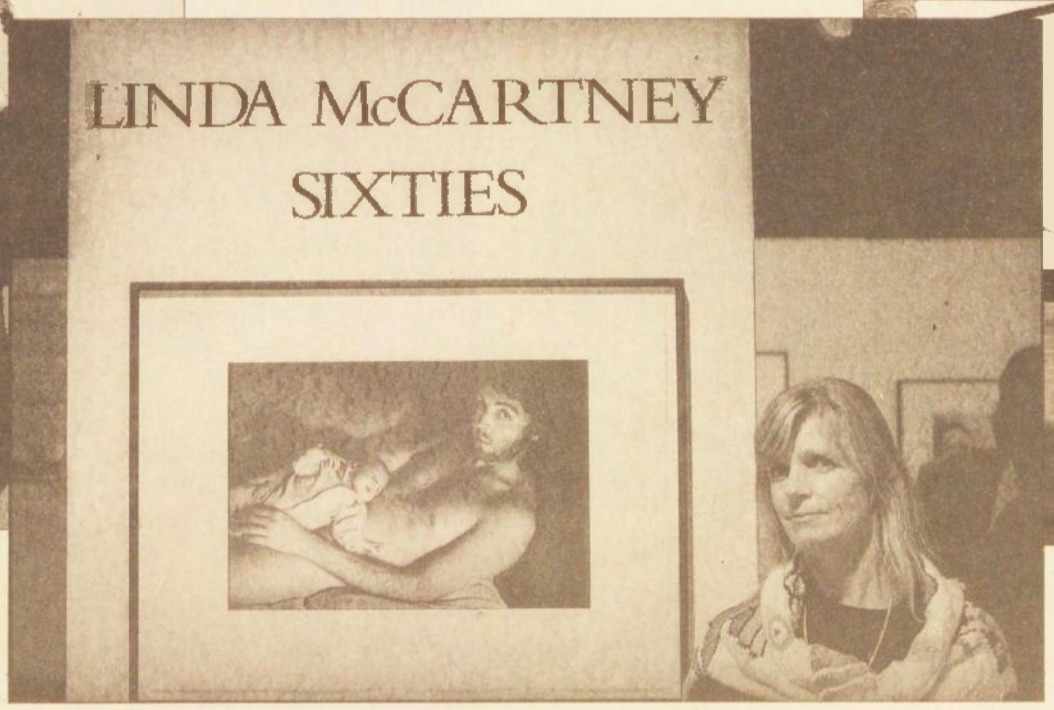
Raving on, Down Mexico Way, in London: Hamish, Linda, Chrissie Hynde, Tony Prince, Gary Glitter, Paul and Allan Clarke re-living Buddy's good times

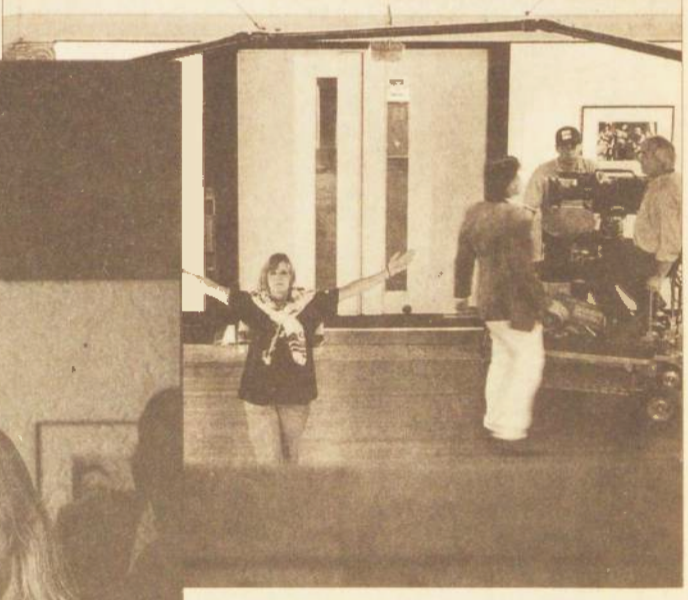
PHOTOGRAPHS: MARK ALLAN

PARTY

After all the hard work ploughed into *Off The Ground*, autumn provided a couple of fine opportunities to let down the proverbial hair, with the annual Buddy Holly Week "do" in London and the launch of Linda's prestigious *Sixties* photo exhibition in Bath

PHOTOS: MARY AND PAUL McCARTNEY





"It's all mine!" Linda enjoys some space before the Bath event, and a break in between shooting the BBC *Arena* documentary.

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